

Little Hands by AbsinthexMind

Series: [Oh brother where art thou \[21\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Incest, One-Sided Attraction, Siblings, Slight Incest, Supportive Siblings, a little too much, billy may be a shit person to everyone else, but he loves his sister, neil is a shit father

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Reader

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-06-14

Updated: 2018-06-14

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:00:43

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,486

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

So much shit had happened in just a few hours. Neil slamming Billy against the wall, beating the shit out of Steve, and then being nearly castrated by Max before being drugged. Then there was the consolation of (y/n)'s small but skilled hands as she tended to his wounds. Everything was fucked up.

Little Hands

“Jesus Christ” you breathe and hastily pull Billy into your room. “What the hell happened to you?!”

He grunts, wincing a little bit as you push him down onto your bed. Hands instantly fretting about his battered face. There was a trail of dried blood that led from his nostril to his upper lip and the tell-tale signs of a bruise blooming on the high of his cheek bone. In his downcast eyes you read that more than his body had been wounded.

Setting your hands firmly on his shoulders you force him to meet your interrogating gaze. “What happened, Billy? Who did you get in a fight with?” Your brother did have an infamous penchant of brawling with anyone that so happened looked at him the wrong way. Ever since. . . Well, ever since the two of you had found yourselves with only your father to care for you, Billy had developed a nasty temper. Of course you knew the real reason behind it. More than anything, Billy wanted to beat up Neil Hargrove.

“Just had a little disagreement is all.” Billy shrugged. He tried to fend off your worrisome touches but that only made you more insistent.

Uneasiness coiled in your stomach. Both of you had been sent to look for Max. She had told you where she was going before hand yet your father didn’t like the idea of her being in a stranger’s house. After getting on Billy’s ass about it he sent his son to go retrieve her while he gave you the scolding of a century for thinking it was okay to let your little sister go. Poor Susan had tried to calm him, but once Neil’s temper was lost, no one could stop him. You took his yelling and cruel name calling with tight lips and watery eyes until they left.

“That’s a hell of a disagreement.” You murmur and finally notice the absence of your red-headed sister. “Where’s Max?”

That made Billy leap from your bed in anger as his fist slams against your wall. “That fucking brat.”

“Billy-”

“I fucking hate her!” He turns on you, yelling at the top of his lungs.

“HEY!” You snap back. “Dad yelled at me plenty! I don’t need that shit from you too!”

That sobered Billy up a bit. “I’m sor-”

“Just sit your ass back down Billy.” You point your finger back to your mattress. You hadn’t meant to yell back at him. You were still so tender though after having gone through all of Neil’s accusations and screaming.

Heaving a sigh, you leave him for a moment just to come back with the first aid kit. You had gotten quite skilled in patching Billy up over the years. Whether the beating came from your father or someone else you knew just what to do to make them heal quickly. You had a knack for it really and it made you hope that maybe someday you could become a nurse.

Hopes and dreams never amounted to anything though.

As your father loved to point out, you weren’t smart enough.

With a damp washcloth you clean the area around Billy’s nose gently, assessing if it was broken or not. Even if it wasn’t broken it was still tender as Billy winced, shying slightly away from you. You coax him back with tender fingers.

“So this disagreement had to do with Max then? Didn’t know she had the capability to kick your ass.” You chuckle softly. Nose clean, you turn his face to see if you could find anymore scrapes. There were mainly bruises that you could do nothing about except for applying ice.

Billy’s jaw hardens and his dark eyes gleam with resentment. His knuckles press tightly into the surface of his skin turning them white. “No. Steve fucking Harris. Gave him the pummeling of his life. Would’ve done more too had it not been for Max.”

That’s when you noticed something red and irritated on his neck. You move away his tangled hair to get a better look. It was like something had stung him. Only bigger. You prod it with your index finger.

Billy grimaced in reply.

“Don’t know what the hell was in that shit but it knocked me out.” Billy grumbles.

You were happy that Max had finally stood up to Billy, although it did worry you what she had used to drug him. “You had it coming. You know that right?”

“You’re supposed to be on my side (y/n).” Billy glares at you.

“Not when you keep on being a complete prick to her.” You fold your arms with a huff. “She’s thirteen Billy. It wasn’t her choice to move here nor was it her choice for her mom to marry our asshole dad. Stop being hard on her.”

You saw his brain working, having an internal discussion with himself. His hate for his father and his dislike of Susan and Max.

Cupping his cheek you pull him out of his stupor. He closes his eyes and not for the first time you admire and envy his long eyelashes. Moments like this you see the real Billy. Inside of his tough exterior and bad boy persona you saw your big brother. Reminded you of the nights in your bittersweet childhood where the two of you would sneak out with a blanket and lay it out in the backyard. You would spend so many hours just looking up at the starry sky, your hands clasped together between your bodies. That all stopped when Billy got older and took up the tough act that he played so well now. He started smoking when he entered high school and kissed girls carelessly without any regard for their feelings. The typical heartbreaker. Yet he never broke your heart. At least not yet. No matter how he treated other girls, he never did so with you. You were special and had immunity. Priority over all others.

“Your my brother Billy and I love you. But you have to stop being a dick. At least to Max. Maybe Steve too, but I may be pushing my luck.”

He snorts, a coy smile tugging at his lips. That was you’re brother. One of his large hands goes over the one that cups the side of his face. He gives it a small squeeze, his nose slightly nuzzling at your

palm.

Apparently he felt slightly embarrassed doing so as he turned his face and dropped your hand. Billy's cheeks were dusted with a subtle blush.

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever." Billy carefully stands up and looks down at you. "Hey. . . you know I. . . I love you too. Just don't tell anyone."

You laugh and roll your eyes. "Of course. Gotta keep up your reputation here. Can't let them think you're going soft."

Billy grins and ruffles your hair in a loving manner. Eyes melting into a softness that makes him look like a young boy again. "You know, you'll make a kick ass nurse someday."

You stiffen and flick your gaze away. "It's a nice sentiment but I don't think I have what it takes to be a nurse."

"What? Of course you do." Billy scoffs and kneels in front of you. You look down at his freshly bandaged knuckles. "Don't listen to that asshole (y/n). What does he know?"

"Look at me Billy." You open your arms. "He's right. I'm barely passing my classes. No one will take me seriously the way I dress."

"That doesn't mean shit (y/n)." You shoot him an irritated glance as Billy grabs both of your hands. "I know what you can do. One day these little hands of your's will save lives. If someone isn't gonna amount to nothing it'll be me. You though. . . You're so fucking smart (y/n). I mean that. I don't say this kind of stuff if I don't mean it."

You saw it in his eyes. He truly believed in his words, believed in you.

For a moment your heart messed up in it's usual rhythm.

Abruptly he lets go of your hands and pats at his pockets before retrieving his carton of cigarettes.

"I'm gonna go out for a smoke."

“Umm. . . okay?”

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Too close. Far too fucking close.

He had almost kissed her. In the heat of the moment Billy had forgotten himself. (y/n) had just looked so heart broken though. So crushed.

Fingers shook as he tried to light the other end of his cigarette. So much shit had happened in just a few hours. Neil slamming Billy against the wall, beating the shit out of Steve, and then being nearly castrated by Max before being drugged. Then there was the consolation of (y/n)'s small but skilled hands as she tended to his wounds.

He exhales a stream of smoke, leaning against the hood of his car and closes his eyes.

Everything was fucked up.